

The Celebrated
SONGS AND SWEDISH MELODIES
as Sung by

Jenny Lind.

SWEDISH.

THE ECHO PASTURE SONG. *Hörde Sang.*
THE HERDSMAN'S MOUNTAIN SONG. *På Berget.* Lindblad.
LOVE SMILES NO MORE. *Tierran i Skog.* Mountaineers Song.
THE STARS OF HEAVEN ARE GLEAMING. *Åstrunder Himmelens fäste.*
THE DANCE SONG. *Präty, präty girl.* Kom du lilla flicka.
POST BOY'S RETURN. *Skjutts Cossen på hemvägen.*
WINTER WARMED INTO SHOWERS. *Cladjens blomsten i jordens.*
SEA KING'S BRIDE. *Neckens polska.*
MARINER. *Pångars dagen.*
WHAT ARE THE WORLD AND ITS PLEASURES. *Sången och Skogen.*
UPON A SUMMER'S DAY. *En sommar dag.*
VOICE OF THE SPIRIT. *Anderst.*
FAREWELL TO LIFE'S OCEAN. *Langtan från Hafs vet.*
SONG OF SUMMER. *Om Sammaran.*
BRIGHT GOLDEN STREAMLET.

OPERATIC.

WHEN I WAS QUITTING NORMAN BOWERS *Quando il lascial la Normandie.*
ASK ME NOT WHY. *Quando il Destino.*
IS IT A DREAM. *Somnambulists' Song.* *È un sogno ancora.*
FEAR NOT FOND YOUTH. *Non Paventer.*

BALLADS.

ECHO OF THE VALLEY.
FAREWELL MY COTTAGE DEAR.
JENNY LIND'S LAST NIGHT IN ENGLAND.
OH, SUMMER MORN.
I WATCHED THE DEW UPON THE GRASS.
THE DREAM. *Idream of my fatherland.*
FAREWELL MY FATHERLAND.
MY HOME, MY HAPPY HOME.
I'VE LEFT THE SNOW CLAD HILLS,
IN INFANCY WHEN YOUNG AND GAY.
TAKE THIS LUTE.

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THE
OFFICE OF THE
SHERIFF
OF THE COUNTY OF
SHERBORN
HANTS
1842

Small printed text

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WINTER WARMED INTO SHOWERS

GLÄDJENS BLOM SER I JORDENS.

SUNG BY

Mlle. JENNY LIND.

English Version by

J. WREY MOULD,

Composed by

AHLSTROM.

NEW YORK, Published at VANDERBEEK'S 479 Broadway.

VOCE

Molto Moderato

Glädjens blom . er i jor . dens mull ack! risst al . . . drig gro; Kar . . lek sielf ju för .

Winter warm'd in to showers, Melted in liquid pain; Summer then with her

.. sat . . lig ar för ditt hjer . . . tos ro. men . der of . . . ran for hoppog tro,

flowers, Burst on the hill and plain. They are part of a lovely brood,

blomy tra de eva . . gt friska. Hör du ej hur an . dar Gluft om den till lyir . tal

Children of spring and summer, Who can spy the peeping snowdrop, And not hail the

p *pp*

hirska. Hör du ej hur an . dar Gluft om den till lyir . tal hirska.

comer? Who can spy the peeping snowdrop, And not hail the comer?

pp *p*

Thus the young human bosom, Trammeld by

cres *rall* *p*

infant years, Yields not earth's fairest blossom, Knows not her sweetest tears;

p

Till the spring of en-ripen'd youth Spreads o'er the soul pro-tection,

pf *p*

Then the dew on cheek that blusheth, Shews the heart's af-fection. Then the dew on cheek that

pp *pp*

blusheth Shows the heart's af-fection. blusheth Shows the heart's af-fection.

p *cres* *rall*

Birch

3

Flow'rs are often times gather'd,
 Priz'd for their fragrant worth,
 Then when beauty has wither'd
 Cast on the naked earth;
 So the blossom of sacred love,
 Oft from its home unbower'd,
 Priz'd a moment then rejected,
 Falls defac'd, deflower'd.
 Priz'd a moment then rejected,
 Falls defac'd, deflower'd.

